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Sunset.

FAREWELL, thou golden Sun far in the west!
Thy lingering beams with pity seem to sigh
That day is o'er. So we with painful eye
Behold and seek—but thou hast gone to rest.
But lo, what glimmering is on yonder crest?
Adieu, some stragglers bid the passerby;
As parting friends when out of sight well nigh,
Or like the host at parting with his guest.

The dark and gloom have crept o'er hill and vale,
And silent nature seems to hold her breath
Thro' night, till quickened by the morning rays.
Thus also will life's sunset us assail;
Some faint adieus to parting friends, and death
Will end our life—but call to happier days.

ANTHONY KNAPKE, '07.



The Spirit of Research.

An Address Delivered October 21.

IT is generally held that within the last fifty years a fresh spirit has come over the people. In every department of knowledge and endeavor, in art, poetry and religion, there is a new activity and a new spirit. What is this spirit that infuses new life into everything, which shapes the world anew, and which is so characteristic of this age? For want of a more specific name we simply call it the modern spirit, but this term is too general. It is sometimes called the spirit of unrest or liberty, but as such it is not new. If we consider it carefully as it appears in the activities of men we are lead to call it the "Spirit of Research."

Nothing is more characteristic of the present age than investigation and patient inquiry into everything. Theory is no longer tolerated, it is now practical sense, original work, and an adventure into the unknown. Every thing is regarded as experimental, and is the process of man in action.

We are sometimes inclined to take a pessimistic view of things. We look at the dark side of life and see so much that it is bad and imperfect that we think the case is hopeless. But at the bottom mankind is still working, and as long as the spirit of research is abroad we have reason to hope for the best.

How does this spirit manifest itself? It is a long time since men were satisfied with the knowledge gained from thinking and speculation. The modern scholar no longer dives into the theoretical works of masters, but he goes to nature and dwells with her. This is the true method of gaining knowledge, and it has been reserved for our age.

Consider the patient inquiry man is making into nature. He eagerly applies himself to investigating insects. The naturalist traces the insects' great diversities of structure, the transformations which many undergo, and the various instincts which each class individually possesses. He distinguishes the harmful as well as the beneficial. Extensive researches are being conducted to get rid of the destructive insects, and there is reason that they will ultimately be successful. Again, an examination into plant life brings forth many ways of fertilizing and producing useful plants, while a deep study into geology has laid bare, as in so many pages, the history of the material world, to say nothing of the wealth in minerals which it has revealed.

What glorious accomplishments are not made in the field of medicine? The cause of most ills to which man is heir have been traced to germs and microbes existing in the human system. These have been observed and have been prevented from doing injury by the application of new processes. What sacrifices are not made in the interests of medical science? To give but one example: Doctor Mueller, a leading physician of Vienna, locked himself in a room with a patient afflicted with the dreadful bucholic plague for the sole purpose of knowing the operations of the sickness upon the human system. Though he died, he seemed consoled by the thought that the knowledge gained from this experiment would benefit mankind.

This is the age of inventions. Look at the annual statistics and you will be surprised at the number of new inventions. It almost seems that they spring spontaneously from the brains of men. I will not attempt to name them, not even the greatest. A mere catalog of them would fill a large-sized volume. Nor will I describe to you their usefulness for men. But I may ask: How is the unexampled fruitfulness of the age in inventions to be explained? I answer: It is chiefly due to the spirit of research which is animating the present generation.

Thanks to this spirit, scarcely a spot on earth remains unexplored. Africa is no longer the dark continent, and the

great interior of Asia, the land of wonder and mystery, is now familiar to us. Not a mountain that is not scaled, not a desert that is not traversed. Perilous expeditions are made into the Arctic region in the interest of science. Lieutenant Peary with a large party of American scientists is even now making toward the north pole, while Arthur Wellman is preparing to go there in an air ship.

The spirit of research appears also in the literature of the present day. It is not long since authors treated the romantic, the far fetched, and the fantastic. They got their themes from Asia, or under the sea, or somewhere near the moon, but as far removed from actual, everyday life as possible. But the writers of to day concern themselves with the men and things that they see in the streets or in society. They deal with actual conditions and actual problems. They seek a lesson in the life around them, believing nothing that exists uninteresting. Nothing is too common for them, for everything is noble that relates to man. They say with Terence: *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*. They seek honestly to describe and reflect life in their works, holding the mirror up to nature and thus teaching us to know men and the world as they are. If some of them go too far, dealing with what is nauseating and objectionable, we must not condemn the others who treat life in an objective way. Naturalism is disgusting, but a healthy realism is instructive and ennobling.

Historic researches are conducted at fever heat. Not a day goes by without shedding some new light on bygone ages and events. The truth is sought for with a sort of passion by our historians. Search is made for the relics of past ages, and even the ground whereon stood the great cities of old is examined, so that literally not a stone is left unturned to reveal the truth. Because of this spirit, history has assumed a standing among the sciences, as being not a compound of fact and fiction, but as a true record of the past.

In fine, in every department of knowledge this spirit is evident, be it in agriculture, commerce or economics. If we

wish to gather information about the conditions of things, a commission is appointed to investigate, and when their report appears corrective measures are applied. Even into the slums research is made to learn how the poor live, and what may be done for the betterment of their conditions. Men devote themselves to this work with large-hearted zeal, both in the interest of science and for the benefit of their fellow men. Even the tramps, or knights of the road, are not neglected. Dr. Josiah Flynt has spent years in their company, as one of them, sharing with them all their privations, that he might give to the world an accurate and scientific knowledge on this miserable but interesting class of people.

Even into religion this spirit of research has entered; and may we not also here hope for good resulting from it? Will it not lead men to the truth, to God, and to His Holy Church, which may be known by all who examine candidly and earnestly into her history and claims? Will it not disperse the darkness regarding religion, and also many errors and misconceptions that still infect the minds of many? God is the truth, and every honest search for the truth will bring us closer to Him.

If the world is progressing at a more rapid rate now than ever before, if light is shed where there was hitherto darkness, if the conditions of men are improving in every walk of life, if nature is unfolding more of her secrets, it is owing to this spirit of research. And we have only begun. Many more things are yet to be learned, many more problems yet to be solved, but if men continue to search as diligently for the key we have reasons to hope that they will find it. Let us welcome all research that is made in candor and truth, for it helps to increase the world's sum of knowledge and happiness.

DAVID FITZGERALD, '07.

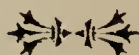
The Dewdrop.

WHENCE comes this little sparkling gem
With cheeks so bright and clear?
The splendor pouring from its face
Thrills me with ripply cheer.

And see, it glitters more and more
Within the sun's bright rays;
'Tis like a star from heaven far,
That calls on us for praise.

But lo! it quickly fades away,
This radiant gem so fair;
Ah, yes, 'tis but a dewdrop meek,
That melts into the air.

L. M. NAGELEISEN, '09.



October Leaves.

IN the rustle and the bustle
Of the brisk October wind,
Leaves and flow'rets crisp and color
And from palsied boughs descend.

Through the barnyard, up the pathway,
Somersaulting in the whirl,
Little heaps in chimney-corners,
Homeless, like poor orphans, furl.

Golden locks and crimson tresses
Torn and faded now repose;
Bleak October moans their dirges,
Soon embalmed with winter snows.

ISIDORE W. COLLINS, '07.

Story-Telling

IT is interesting to watch the young folks huddle about grandfather's chair on a winter's evening. Even old minds are arrested by the solemn tones assumed by the story-teller when a ghost is just about to appear on the scene; or delighted to hear of the time Jack had getting down the beanstalk when the old giant awoke and found that his hen with the golden eggs had been stolen.

Story telling does not end with a trip through the dingy caves, shady glens, and ivied towers of witches, goblins, and fairies, but grasps realities in life. How often do we hear of the two pleasant types Hans and Pat getting into a dilemma, and of the strikingly ingenious means by which they extricate themselves. Stories of scalps and tomahawks; of wild life among the mountains; adventures on sea, in the jungle and the desert, when in the hands of a clever story-teller, are little inferior to the novel, perform the same task and make the same impression. They are more than simple mental amusements. They are little dramas in themselves and in their effects. Tell the children the cruel tale of the two little babe-princes left to die in the woods, how the falling leaves of autumn gently covered their angelic faces, that the snows of winter could not freeze those rose-buds on their cheeks. Some will clench their fists and grit their teeth and long to see those two dark knights who left the princes there to be brought to justice. The watery eyes of others will express the pity and yearning to save the babes; but being unable, they press their little brothers and sisters nearer to them and love them more, and wish never to be separated, not unlike the effect produced on an adult audience by a classic drama.

Story-telling is not a pastime in which everyone may engage. It involves some of the conditions of art. One must not only have the ability to conceive a story, but must be able to tell it, a thing that demands, among others, some facial and vocal expression. With that you can do much. No wonder, then, that the Pied Piper of Hamelin had such influence among the street urchins of that good old town. And Silas Marner, too, might have succeeded better in tempering Eppie's self-will by telling her some bugaboo stories than by means of the coal-hole.

It is the privilege and delight chiefly of old age to tell stories. Twirling thumbs, and glasses in imminent danger of sliding over the precipice of the nose, are no hindrances to the general interest of the tale; but, on the contrary, accompany vivid description as do low guttural sounds in producing the suspension and chill at the climax of a graveyard encounter. Bachelors and old maids, likewise, should not take life too serious or make it burdensome, when they find themselves nurses or servants about the house and farm, unwilling guests to a sharp and flat concert under the auspices of the kindergarden harmonics, not to clap an encore by scolding or giving the little one a thorough shaking, but take it on the knee for a hobby-horse ride to the "House that Jack built" and the "Three Men in the Tub", as a remedy for further tears.

Sedate characters are also very well fitted for telling stories; especially when they take the leisure and smoke the same magic brand as did Nic Vedder and Pete Vanderdonck in Rip's time. They serve as so many what-nots with rogues perched upon their shoulders; swinging to their coat-tails, and using the arches of their knees as a more direct passage in a game of tag. But when a story is in question, filling grandfather's pockets with stones, testing the nervous system of his ears with a feather, and sundry other devices of naughty boys, are put aside when this esteemed member of the bench screws up the corners of his mouth and solicits his Muse with a fresh pipeful.

Stories are not found so readily and so ripe in persons

of the lank and lean type, except, perhaps, the popular fish story, which is manufactured in lengths rather than in breadths. Neither are such characters magnetized. Their stories are, nevertheless, welcome as long as the lads can get behind a door in time, or find a screen under mother's apron. The Pied Piper had, perhaps, most success in this regard, because the children thought he would scare up some rats again and pipe them into the Weser.

Story-telling gives the teller a real treat. To take the one instance of a ghost story. Relate it late in the evening and then dismiss the group. On entering the bedroom some time after, it is like going into a labyrinth of Egyptian mummies. Dead silence with the stiff forms in the beds, covered from head to foot. Every quilt and coverlet tucked in so as to leave nothing loose that Mr. Rattlebones might gently lift at twelve to give his icy shake. But the greatest sport is to see the greatest mischief-maker succumbing to the same measures with the beds of his companions close to his, so as to prevent too sudden an assault, and lying there like a fossilized mass, for fear lest the least move on his part might be returned with a rattle and a clatter from the tall and sheeted frame he had heard of in the story.

Home-life would not be ideal without its budget of wholesome stories and their interpreters. They are a blessing to young humanity. If properly told, fictitious tales are a cause of harmless wonder; they awaken the imagination and other dormant faculties, and have given to the world its great men in the various departments of literature and science. There are good grounds for believing that the inventor of the air-ship had all kinds of ideas in his mind when putting his machine together, and among them a faint recollection of how Mother Goose traveled through the air on her white goose with the broom.

I. W. COLLINS, '07.

Bill's Recipe for Poetry.

“JOHN, why are you dreamin’?” said jolly Bill Freeman;
“The boys are all talking’ about you.”
‘You’re right, Mr. Freeman, I just was a dreamin’
The world would be lonely without you.’
“Now, John, lookie here, the world’s all astir,
And needin’ good men at the front, sir;
And people will, mind you, expect then to find you
Without ever having to hunt, sir.”
‘Well, Bill, with your pardon, just step in the garden,
I’ve been wanting to tell you my story.’
“Right gladly”, said Bill, with jolly good will;
“I s’pose you’ve been planning great glory.”
‘Yes, since my vacation I’ve lacked inspiration,
Perhaps, Bill, tis well you should know it;
I’ve mused in the bowers of sweet-smelling flowers,
For I would be—I would be—a-poet.’
“Well, here’s jist a note,”—and he pulled from his coat
An old almanac, as he said it,—
“Now, here’s jist a note,” then clearing his throat,
And with some difficulty he read it:—
“‘*A R-e-c-i-p-e*,’ what yer call’t, ‘fur Poetry.’”
“‘First, yer look fer in-sper-a-shun,
Stroll along a noisy brook;
Think how big this presen’-nashun,
While the fish bites at yer hook.
Clim’ the-hillside, scour the valleys,
Think of boy-hood’s happy home.
Miss no clod, fur some are findin’
In-sper-a-shun in a stone.

When yer come back home fur supper,
Take yer time and eat a bite;
Then you read a play of Shake-spear
Till the Muses come at night.
Now you think what verse you'll write in,
Epic or a-nepi-sode
Then perhaps the right thot strikes you,
"This is goin' to be a node."
What's the use ter write a nepic?
Choose the short and better road;
Fur some have-achieved their-greatness
By the-writin' of a node.
Take yer pen, now all is ready;
Mark each thot that comes a-past.
Don't yer mind about the moral,
That mus' come the very last.
Git yer feet, don't mind the rhymmin',
That will come in course of time;
For if rhymes are getting-scarcer
Make new words and make 'em rhyme.
Such for instance, -'lesser mights,'
Rhymes alright with 'woman's rights';
Jingle rhymes with Christmas times,
Bird and bee, spring poetry.'

There's no doubt ye'll have some trouble,
Jist go on and try it firs';
If yer see there's no use tryin',
Give it up and write blank verse.
When ye're done, then moralize,
And you'll find in modern times
That to write good poetry,
Aint mere writin' of big rhymes."

"Now John, I'll advise you, tho not to surprise you,
Keep' knockin' away at yer rhyme.
But I must be pike'n, the town clock' is strikin',
And it is high dinner time."

LEO FAUROT, '08.

“Kenilworth” as a Novel.

AMONG the numerous productions of the great “Wizard of the North”, Kenilworth occupies a unique position as being one of the author’s best works in the line of beauty and richness of conception, and teaching a lesson too true to be disregarded, too beautiful and charming to be neglected. Though dealing with a most interesting subject, the intrigues of an Elizabethan court, and having for its central figure that paradox of good and evil, green-eyed jealousy and innocent deceit, the deified Virgin-Queen of England, still Kenilworth enjoys merits particularly its own, which have won for it a well deserved stamp of popularity, and have greatly furthered its prominence in the field of renowned literary achievements.

Before making a closer examination into the plot and intricacies and beauties of this work, it is well to take a glance at the period with which it deals, and note the condition of the literary world at the time of its composition.

It is the reign of Elizabeth! How many haunting thoughts are conjured up when that phrase falls upon our ears! Yet, what charms it possesses to play on the imagination of a gifted writer or thinker! It is the fairyland of novelists, and an example of this is seen in Kenilworth. Elizabeth was the idol of all England. The servile adulation in which she was held by her vain and covetous courtiers stands without a parallel in history. Such then is the period into which we are to live ourselves; such are the personages whose actions and words we are to weigh, whose course of action we are to follow.

The novel of to-day is, indeed, quite different from that which the genius of Scott has moulded for us, and possesses

many characteristics which we fail to find in the productions of the world's greatest novelists. Time surely accounts very much for this discrepancy. Ours is an age of disenchantment and bare reality, and every modern novel breathes that spirit. They do not present to our view the embodiment of beauty for beauty's sake, but serve to a great extent as a medium of exploiting the prejudices of an author or foisting his philosophical, political, or religious opinions on mankind. Not so with Scott and other novelists of the old school. A purpose they surely have; and if perchance they were written without a fixed purpose in view, their wide application to the problems of life have won for them a mark of renown which the highest motive on the part of their author could hardly have augmented. *Kenilworth* undoubtedly belongs to this class, and the charms of its every character, the enrapturing beauty of its delightful scenes and descriptions, combine with the art of the novelist to make it a work which has seldom been equalled, never surpassed.

Scott's great abilities in the delineation of characters, so varied and so numerous, have placed him next to the myriad-minded Shakespeare, and well does he deserve the honor. One of the best pictures of Queen Elizabeth that we have is to be found in *Kenilworth*. True, she is sometimes painted in colors too glaring to satisfy the modern mind which has come to know her thoroughly. But her other qualities are brought out equally well if not better. Her every action is dominated by motives of self-interest and most foolish pride. She was too proud to bear a rival; too jealous of her absolute power and authority to warrant security to any of her lords or servants. Such exactly is the Elizabeth that has blotted so many pages of history; such exactly she whom we picture to ourselves as the persecutor and murderess of Queen Mary.

In contrast to this, we are filled with heartfelt sympathy in following the checkered course of poor Countess Amy. What a picture of childish innocence, rectitude of conscience and strength of character is presented in her.

Poor helpless creature that she is! Unable to defend herself, powerless to vindicate her lawful claims, yet conscious of her rectitude of purpose, she is exposed to the maddened fury of the intriguing Leicester and the remorseless Varney. Janet, a maiden no less amiable than Amy herself, is the only consolation that is afforded her in her hours of distress and trials. Surely for such as these our hearts flow out in measures of unrestrained sympathy.

Quite different, however, are the feelings excited within us by that despicable piece of humanity, that worthless Varney. A villain he is indeed; his revolting character causes us to detest and abhor his very name. Ambitious he surely was, a veritable moral coward in all his actions; yet, he had none of that "milk of human kindness" which might lead him to respect the rights of a poor, helpless maiden. Foster, his accomplice in crime, still sensible to the stings and pangs of a wounded conscience, had the strength to tell him what he was when he says: "Varney, thou art an incarnate fiend." Scott here exhibits his wonderful powers of character delineation. We see honors showered upon Varney and success attend his efforts; we see the Queen of England dub him Sir Knight; but why does it not strike us that his shocking deeds demand a quite different remuneration. Here the genius and art of Scott displays itself. It seems so natural, we fail to examine closely into it. Varney was exalted only that his fall may be the lower; honors are heaped upon him only that his shame and degradation may be the more humiliating.

Considering its merits as a descriptive novel, *Kenilworth* is no less worthy of admiration. The intrigues and tragic romanticism of an Elizabethan court form the basis of its plot, and its pages are interspersed with descriptive scenes that bespeak the hand and genius of a master. The manners of no period are better reproduced in literature than are the peculiarities and customs of the English people during the reign of Elizabeth. She was truly the idol of the English people. All England bowed before her in acknowledgment of her power and prided beauty. Lords, earls,

and dukes vied with each other in flattering her sensibility and provoking her praise and approbation. Such precisely is the picture of the reign of Queen Elizabeth which Kenilworth presents to our view, a picture truer than ever artist painted with the brush.

Another peculiar characteristic of Kenilworth is its tragic element, almost too extreme for a novel. Indeed, more than once the tenor of Kenilworth rises to the level of the tragic drama, and is only reconciled to the rest of the novel by the extreme tension that pervades it as a whole, and the fixed and determined purposes of its vaulting characters. Its ethical significance, if thus we may call it, is not to be lost sight of. Well could we call it the "Macbeth" of novels. The duplicity and deceit of Leicester meets with punishment as severe as his crime is enormous; despair and the terrible pangs of conscience impel Varney to lay violent hands upon himself and swallow the fatal potion. The miserly Foster had for his sole companion in death that for the preservation of which he had ruined so many souls and sold his very salvation.

Still other charms are found in Kenilworth which have rendered it so popular and renowned. Unity it surely possesses, more so than any other of Scott's novels. "Ivanhoe" with its triple plot often lags in interest for want of close connection between the different events. Not so in Kenilworth. Elizabeth and her cherished favorite spin out the plot; the remaining characters serve only as side-lights, and are grouped about these two central figures like the satellites of a heavenly body. They follow the bidding of their vain mistress, and like the swaying branches bowing before the blasts of a mighty gale, yield to her whims and caprices till the crisis comes, when they break, fall, and are cast away.

Though Scott is noted for his carelessness and haste of composition, yet we have good reasons to assert that every line of Kenilworth was written with more than ordinary precision and attention. In it Scott seems to have summoned up all his powers of imagination and description,

and the fruit of his efforts has not fallen short of his earnest endeavors. Melody and beauty of diction united with many other merits truly warrant Kenilworth the place it holds in literature; and wherever the name and glory of English letters shall penetrate, thither also shall Kenilworth tell the woeful tale of that haunted castle of the once "Merry England", and unfold its charms and beauties as a novel.

BERNARD J. CONDON, '08.



Reflected.

○ NE bright day the fields were all aglow,
 When by a sluggish stream I chanced to go.
 Then mused I thus, as on the bank I stood :
 "They say that God's creations all are good,
 Why does not here His goodness manifest ?
 How dank this stream where darting bugs infest,
 Where slimy eels and turtles thick abound,
 And speckled frogs 'mid poisonous weeds are found.
 The varicolored snake-feeder on the wing,
 The winding snake with death upon its sting,
 And myriads of insects sport around,
 That fill the air with inharmonious sound.
 Why does this stream not God's great power reflect ?"
 With sunshine flooded was my intellect.
 I gazed upon the silent bosomed stream,
 And there I saw in sun's unfettered beam,
 Beneath my feet a sky of azure blue
 And peaceful fluffy clouds of silver hue,
 Made emerald-edged by sheen of stately trees,
 That gently nodded in the noon-day breeze.
 The shadow of a bird upon the wing,
 The velvet sheeny grasses of the Spring,
 The golden majesty of noon-day sun,
 Around the stream a web of splendor spun.
 "O God ! How could I Thy sweet goodness doubt
 When such a beauteous pall is cast about!
 Thy majesty and goodness e'er shall be
 A cause of joy and hope, sustaining me."

JOHN I. GALLAGHER, '09.

Dialect in Literature.

“CLIMATE in contributing to stamp the character and genius of a people, at the same time moulds their language and gives color to their literature.” With these words of Brother Azarias we may argue that men, originally employing the same tongue, are influenced by certain elements, so that they very naturally make use of dialect in their daily speech. But whether our dialectic country cousin is entitled to admission into the realms of literature, or whether this privilege is reserved exclusively for his more cultured brother, are questions about which the Lettered and Unlettered powers are continually at variance. In the controversies ensuing, dialect is usually forced to the wall, and the circumstances that justify its existence are left out of consideration.

Now it must be conceded, that dialect can never rise to the high plane of the standard literary language; that the dialect homespun is coarse and inelegant as compared with the refinement of the drawing-room attire. But—and to know this, is of the greatest consequence—dialect is not slang, as many are most prone to think. Slang is below the level of the dignified, is common, is ribald—and is therefore, with possibly one or two exceptions, doomed to an ephemeral existence. But dialect has hidden here and there in a dress plain but not vulgar some genial quality that conceals its other defects, just as a plainly dressed person may reveal great nobility of soul. Often even it may become a most fit vehicle for dignified, noble, and lofty thoughts. To mention but one instance—Whitcomb Riley’s creations have all the essential qualities of poetry, and the fact that they appear in the Hoosier dialect cannot hide their beauties of noble sentiment and tender feeling.

Dialect, no less than the unalloyed and highly cultured language, is able to convey the highest attributes of the soul, truth, dignity, humor, pathos, sweetness and grace. All these are the very principles upon which Nature establishes and presents its numberless troop of descriptions and characters. Does literature, which is itself deeply rooted in nature, require more? Since, therefore, the dialectic element complies with the great aims of literature, it should not be excluded from a just hearing in the world of letters.

Every author must let his creations think, talk, act and live as Nature designed them. It is this fundamental principle that necessitates the use of dialect. By its total exclusion many a beautiful character would move in an atmosphere of unreality. At least where the people's speech is introduced, dialect is the only vehicle adequate to the purpose. It is, besides, of great literary advantage, since it produces such telling effects in local color and the sketching of particular characters. Justly, therefore, has Whitcomb Riley remarked: "What has the lovely little ragamuffin ever done of sufficient guilt to eternally consign him to the monstrous penalty of speaking most accurate grammar all the literary days of the year of his otherwise natural life? —

‘Oh, mother, may I go to school
With brother Charles to-day?
The air is very fine and cool;
Oh, mother, say I may!’

Is this a real boy that would make such a request, and is it the real language he would use?"

The comic use of dialect in poetry and fiction is one of the greatest and most pleasing features in literature. Folk-speech, clinging to many vocables, inflections, and pronunciations of a district, invariably strikes a humorous vein. Yet there is, for instance, an important difference between "Fables in Slang" and the tender, genial Hoosier-dialect poems of Whitcomb Riley. They move on different planes. The literary merit of the latter is secure, while the former depends for his popularity upon the skillful use of the lan-

guage of the street, which varies with the hour. The latter lets us look into the souls of the people, while the former reflects merely the general spirit as it appears in the speech and doings of the masses. The humor of the one lies deeper, and lasts longer, while that of the other seldom penetrates the surface.

The history of literature itself seems to entitle dialect to admission into her realm. All early literature is more or less dialectic from our distant view-point. Chaucer's verse to us is now as veritably a rude and uncultivated idiom as to a fourteen century Londoner it was the chastest English. In one of his Tales he writes: "Aleyne, by God, thou is a fou!" instead of "thou art a fool!" Since Chaucer's time some of the greatest masters in literature—and not only its mountebanks—have made use of this seeming ragamuffin's dress to clothe their jovial, pathetic, simple yet beautiful, creations. These Literature most amiably acknowledges as her own, by clasping to her bosom volumes of Burns, Dickens, Scott, and George Eliot; by admitting to her bookshelves the Yankee, Hoosier, and Negro products of Lowell, Riley, Twain and Dunbar—all more or less remarkable for humor, pathos, local shading, and truthfulness to character.

Whatever may be the services as well as disadvantages of the dialect element, there is to all seafarers in the region of Literature a Scylla or a Charybdis, dangers which frequently prove hazardous to their success. Some, as Riley expresses it, "although utterly stark and bare of the vaguest idea of country people, at once assume that all their 'gifted pens' have to do is to stupidly misspell every word; vulgarly mistreat and besloven every theme, however sacred; maim, cripple, and disfigure language never in the vocabulary of the countryman—then smuggle these monstrosities of either rhyme or prose somehow into the public print." Others, who escape this Charybdis, fall into Scylla—they adhere too slavishly to local speech, so that it is difficult to understand, and more so to read and enjoy it with pleasure. To the former the best advise is to lay aside their "gifted pens" and not hide their guilt, by the use of bookish lan-

guage, in the ambush of *ostensible* dialect. For the others it is well to follow the principle of all masters of dialect, and especially of George Eliot, who writes: "My inclination to be as close as I could to the rendering of dialect, both in words and spelling, was constantly checked by the artistic duty of being generally intelligible."

HERMAN GRUBE, '07.



All Saints.

*ALL SAINTS! Bright galaxy of heaven,
Who, like the myriad stars, in that bright stream,
Wave through the glorious portals of the celestial Eden,
Basking in the effulgent beams of the Eternal Sun!
No mortal words, no tongue of ear h,
Can sing of martyrs' virgin heroes' palms
Sweeping melodious strains from angel choirs
In gentle undulations before the spotless Lamb!
List! Oh, tell us, all ye Saints of God—
Do the Magdalens and Peters alike rejoice,
Do they number many in that triumphant throng?*

ISIDORE W. COLLINS, '07.

The First Lesson.

O ver the fence into the garden
Flew the old blue hen one day,
And with quite an air of business,
Called her chicks and led the way.

"Here's a patch, my brave young chickens,
Where the ground is loose and fine:
You must learn some useful lessons
While we strive some bugs to find.

"There's Mrs. Cochin on the dung-hill
With her low and hungry brood;
High-bred chickens know that gardens
Are the place to look for food.

"Turn your toes out, hold your heads high,
Move with grace and dignity;
Scratch a few strokes, shen step backward,
Thus"—she said, "Now all watch me.

"Cluck! the first draw's always futile,
But the second time you'll see.
Cluck! cluck! cluck! see there, I told you,
Here's a newly sprouted pea.

Soon you'll see your mother's wisdom,
For of her it has been said——
Biff—bang—"Sqawk," and something frightful
Whizzed accross, just overhead.

"Shoo—ye low-bred scoundrel creatur',
Take that, and gid oud wid yeeze;
Sick-em, Fido, jist make 'em scamper,
There she's scratchin' up my peas!"

Some time after from the haystack:
(But she hardly dared to stir)
"Come, Mrs. Cochin just now told me,
We might come and scratch with her."

LEO FAUROT, '03.

St. Joseph's Collegian.

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Editorials.

ST. JOSEPH'S has this year added a new course to the curriculum; namely, Civil Engineering. The class is in charge of Mr. G. Klosterman, a civil engineer of much experience, having for years been a prominent surveyor for the Pennsylvania Railroad. The students of this branch will have the opportunity of mastering both the theory and practice and all that is included in the science of surveying.

To see them at their operations with the instrument in the field, one is led to conclude that they enjoy their work, at least the practical side of it.

THE EDITOR and those in charge of the various local departments wish to express the hope that, for the coming year, they will have the enthusiastic cooperation of the general student-body, at least of the brighter and more energetic portion of it. Without that it is impossible to make this journal an index to the work and spirit of the students of this College. It goes without saying that the students should take at least as much interest in the College paper as in athletics, since their journal is to reflect their mental abilities. We shall not be satisfied with the interest manifested in the eagerness to read it when this journal appears, but wish your interest to be of a more active and helpful kind. There are bright minds, and those that can wield a pen with ease, in every grade, and all these will find it possible to contribute to this paper. It is a poor student who is not ambitious to have his name appear in the college journal.



FOR YEARS the "Spelling Reform" has agitated the public mind, but with the order of the President to the public printers it was brought to a climax. A committee of the Spelling Reform has recently published a list of the words in which the spelling was changed. Prominent among these changes is the past tense *ed* to *t*; as in *mist*, *kist*, etc. The press has "dug out the hatchet", and commented bitterly on the proposed modification, making it indeed seem ludicrous.

But what calls for a change? Does our present mode of spelling fail to give satisfaction? If this were so, a change would be necessary. It is true that in some instances "phonetic" spelling would be desirable, as it saves time and space. But would this economy of time and space cover the expenses incurred by this modification? All our dictionaries would have to be revised, all school and text books reprinted. Changes are always wrought with great difficulty and incur great labor and expense. Public sympathy always clings to the old system. It is true that spelling

has constantly undergone changes in the course of time, but they were gradual and imperceptible. The proposed radical and wholesale reform would cause confusion.



KINDNESS, that sterling quality of true manhood, should especially be found in a student. Nevertheless, sorry to say, we have been compelled to witness a scene of cruel "bullying", as it is called in the students parlance. Students showing so great a fondness for tormenting their weaker fellows should remember that their victims have feelings as tender as their own. Surely, they themselves would not enjoy to be the "under dog", and therefore let them respect the feeling of their fellow student. Because he is their inferior in age or strength and perhaps not so "cute" but a little "green", does not justify these "bullies" to torment him. Any student guilty of this offence is moreover a coward, taking advantage of his brother. Were he a true gentleman, he would cheer them and try to make life pleasant for all.



ESPERANTO (Hopeful), as its name implies, is the hope of the philologist. It is to be a universal language common to all races and nationalities. To fulfill these requirements it must necessarily be phonetic and have a vocabulary whose words or roots are common to all languages. Its grammar is said to be most simple, with no irregular verbs, declensions or exceptions in the syntax. Such a language would of course be a boon to the learned, and greatly facilitate foreign intercourse. Dr. Zemenhoff, a noted philologist of Vienna, is the father of the new language, and is most sanguine in his expectations. Other noted philologists have examined the language and pronounced for its practicability and efficiency. Lately a newspaper printed in the new language was started in Texas, and it looks as if Esperanto were to be more fortunate than its now almost defunct brother, Volapuk.

SOME ONE HAS CALLED the present age the "rag-time age." We think the expression is a happy one and deserves to be adopted. For the aberration of musical taste that is evident in the popular love for rag-time appears also in other departments. For instance, on the stage. Upon what inane and silly stuff does the public feed in the musical comedy and extravaganza. Foolish jokes, ragged music, clap-trap acting, and an impossible plot. What is the taste of those that demand and enjoy such things? Other productions, such as the burlesque, and low vaudeville and melodrama, we may pass over, as their patrons would probably not vindicate for themselves any taste.

But what about the spirit that appears in the "Comic Supplement?" In the "Lulu and Leander", and "Katzenjammer" conceptions? Immensely funny and smart! Only a little forced at times, and slightly vulgar and childish.

Is it not a coarse taste that can delight in the Hearst papers, and other exponents of yellow journalism, with their blazing headlines, vulgar cartoons, and glaring colors? To say nothing of their inflated and bombastic style, and the almost total lack of grace, reserve and dignity. But to people who need strong sensations they appeal, and their number is seemingly large. Others they repel.

Summer amusement places, likewise, find patrons in proportion as they offer something startling and sensational, something that will jar upon the senses and bewilder the mind.

To be enjoyable a thing must be exaggerated, wrenched out of joint, bizarre and unnatural, just as rag-time. Hence the appellation "rag-time age." Happily, such things do not live long; they soon spend themselves, just because they are contrary to good taste. Even now the hey-day of rag-time is said to be past, and let us hope that all similar monstrosities will disappear with it.

Exchanges.

MOST of our kind friends of last year, the representatives of the large and flourishing republic of Exdom, arrived within the last two weeks. The reception was genial, and we feel at home again with them in our old easy chairs. Some are fresh and blooming, with many interesting things to tell us; others seem to have lost a few pounds from last year's average. All will get busy at once in their several fashions, and each will no doubt contribute his share to the literary and oratorical feast. The "*Non nova sed nove*" is the issue of our little College Journalistic Congress for the year's session.

The *St. Mary's Chimes* have a beautiful tone. But the piece they played us in the essay "Niebelungenlied" was too long and had no exceptional charms. When that subtle fragrance from the posy of "Sleep" softened our critique, we welcomed it, and had sweet dreams while reading. "To the Autumn Wind" bubbles from the spring of a fruitful fancy, in love with nature.

The *St. Jerome Schoolman* has a select budget of editorials. The style throughout reveals literary power. Much stress is laid on putting the sentences into different moulds. Why not embody these qualities, and also the historic and picturesque surroundings about St Jerome's, in a short story, poem or the like?

The cover on the *S. M. I. Exponent* suggests ideals of a very high order. The literary torch will, no doubt, burn even brighter in course of time. The Journal is decidedly St. Mary's in tone. Her "Old Boys" are more mindful of their Alma Mater, perhaps, than those of many other colleges. Jokes and other local jottings are quite a hobby with the Exponent, and they never fail to provoke at least a smile.

The stern and learned Bachelor of Arts on the cover of the *Collegian* from Oakland, Cal. gave vent to his feelings in the two masterly orations "Political Honesty" and "Public Conscience". A fine preparation to meet the world in after life. But such themes are a little heavy for a college journal, and unless written by older students of some experience, become mere artificial harangues. The editorials are mostly chez nous and well written. A journal from the land of flowers, sunshine and fragrance, should have more of the poet's art, since the Muses certainly smile upon their American Tempe.

The *S. V. C. Student* has devised a new scheme of gleaning jokes, and if continued under the 'Tattler', the humor will become more apparent and genial. This column in a college journal is the first sought after by most readers. They begin to read in Jewish fashion, and if the pleasant-ries are fresh and copious, the other departments may receive a more thorough inspection and kindlier estimate.

Many thanks for your words of condolence; please, accept ours in memory of your deceased alumnus.

The *Institute Echoes* do not, we think, truly represent the spirit of its inmates—blithe, jovial, literary. More personal observations, a little parallel study of heroines in literature, and an occasional walk with Calliope, would make the *Echoes* more delightful. Such abstractions as "Truth" would be expected sooner from an old philosopher than from the pen of a merry college girl.

The *Young Eagle* never fails to represent becomingly the literary taste of St. Clara's at foreign courts. The subject matter varies like an iris flower bed in the sun-beams, which is especially fresh and inviting when interspersed with a few little clusters of "Violets" and "Dandelions". The young bird soared a little too high in his September trip. Not that George Eliot is undeserving of the title of "a modern Shakespeare", but the distinction would have been more in place in an analytical study of some of her chief characters.

Another aspirant called on us recently, and gave his

name as the *St. Mary's Messenger*. We gladly admit him into our circle, as his literary taste is select, and the style bright and pleasing. The story of the "Organ Grinder" is interestingly told, and we were pleased to note that the street vender had better luck than his fate usually permits. The "Legend of the Pansy" was a neat little surprise. The young "Messenger" should, however, appear in cleaner attire. The editorial page is full of black eyes, some of the other columns are knocked out of place; which leads us to pity the pages under the avenging types.

The *Ozone Pelican*, *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian*, *Mountaineer*, *The Patrician*, *Academia* and *Marquette College Journal* have likewise taken their old places in our sanctum. New arrivals are: *The Morning Star* from Conception College, Conception, Mo., and the *Purple and White* from the Spalding Institute, Peoria, Ill., *The Nazarene* from Nazareth, Mich.

I. W. COLLINS, '07.



New Books.

"A MANUAL OF BIBLE HISTORY." Vol. I. The Old Testament, By Charles Hart, B. A. Benziger Bros.

This is the most interesting and useful book that has come to our table. It is called a Manual of Bible History, and it is truly such, but it is more: it is the Bible itself in its most important and beautiful passages. It is an excellent text-book of Old Testament history, and at the same time introduces into the study of the Bible. As Rev. Dr. Wheatley writes: "What delights me most of all is the way in which you have worked so much of the Sacred Text itself into your narrative.... As we cannot put Bibles into the hands of young people, such a book as the one you have written will prove of the greatest advantage."

The book is in every way admirable, in language, method

and general arrangement. Numerous colored maps accompany the text; and a classification of the Books of the Old Testament, together with a summary of the non-historical books, is given in the appendix. Also an account of the language and dialects of the Old Testament and the principal versions of the Sacred Scriptures.

In fact, a remarkable amount of knowledge concerning the Bible is conveyed, and it is presented so as to be easily apprehended and retained. The book ought to supersede at once all other Manuals of Bible History, at least in colleges.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH," written for children by Mother Mary Loyola. Benziger Bros.

In her latest book "Jesus of Nazareth," Mother Loyola has produced a simple and highly entertaining work.

The beautiful life story of Our Blessed Saviour is most skillfully handled and is sure to make a vivid impression upon the youthful reader; especially as the style is simple and conversational and is interspersed with many lively descriptions.

The book is well bound and is put up in a very attractive manner, both inside and out. The pages are brightened by numerous and beautiful colored pictures. It is an ideal book for the home-circle, and will be a great incentive to children to lead holy, pure, and virtuous lives.

We voice our sentiments regarding this work with Cardinal Gibbons, who in a foreword to the book says: "We would be glad to see a copy of 'Jesus of Nazareth, written for children,' in every household in the land."

This beautiful work, containing 400 octavo pages, is published at the remarkably low price of 90 Cents.

"THE OTHER MISS LISLE." By M. C. Martin. Price, \$1.25. Benziger Bros., Publishers.

In placing this work upon the literary market the author has given the public a Catholic novel of no mean merit. The excellency of the work is the delineation of character. We admire most of all Christine Lisle, the heroine, for her unselfish devotion to her invalid sister, for her manly

womanhood, we might say, and for her true and lasting love. A deep feeling of pathos is found in the work, which perceptibly stirs us. The style is clear and concise, and the diction is well chosen and fluent. The different links of friendship by which the characters are united, strengthen the worth of the novel to a high degree. J. M. B., '09.

LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL. Benziger Bros. Price, 10 cents.

Once more this most beautiful almanac for children is with us. It is enough to delight even grown persons, and make them wish they were children again. Such a fine collection of entertaining stories and poems and lovely pictures! No child but will love this booklet, and no home with children should be without it.

"THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1907." Benziger Bros. Price, 25 Cents.

The Catholic Home Annual, one of the leading almanacs of to-day, is up to its usual standard. It contains many charming short stories written by noted Catholic authors, and a few articles on subjects of general interest, thus affording much variety of reading. Considering the merit of the stories and articles and the numerous beautiful and artistic illustrations, we do not hesitate to rank it first among its brethren and to recommend it most heartily.

C. H. B., '07.

"MORE FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES." By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child. Benziger Bros. 75 Cents.

The author of "Mary, the Queen" and "Five O'Clock Stories", has completed another volume of much merit and charm. It comprises a collection of short stories and poems, thoroughly Catholic and flavored with an air of innocent simplicity. The poetry is very enjoyable, and the tales in prose are cast in the gleam of a rich imagination. A very refreshing little book.

P. M., '08.

Personal.

THIS column is especially devoted to the students of St. Joseph's present and past. It is its grateful task to record their undertakings and successes. The Alumni are requested to keep in closer touch with their Alma Mater. Many appeals have been sounded to this effect, but it would seem as though the study of philosophy and the cares of business and professional life do not leave any time for correspondence of this sort.

On Sept. 6, the voices of the merry students again resounded among the buildings of St. Joseph's. Every train carried back more of the old fellows, whose joyous shoutings awoke the Echoes from their long sleep. On Sept. 8., the new scholastic year was inaugurated with Solemn High Mass and Benediction.

Rev. Titus Kramer is a welcome addition to the College Faculty. Father Titus is a former editor of the Collegian, and a member of the class of '01.

The Reverend faculty has engaged the services of Prof. Herman Zollner as teacher of vocal and instrumental music. Mr. Zollner has already gained the confidence and affection of all the students.

The *Collegian* extends good wishes and heartiest congratulations to its kind friend and faithful subscriber, Father Frank Jansen on his promotion to the pastorate of St. Vincent's, Elkhart, Ind. We rejoice in the honor that has come to Father Jansen, but regret that we can no more consider him our neighbor. However, we are sure that Father Jansen will continue his interest in the College and this Journal, and will manage to visit us occasionally.

Messrs. Maurice Ehleringer, Victor Meagher, Mathew Helmig, Othmar Knapke, Celestine Frericks, and John

Becker, are vigorously pursuing their studies at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, O.

Mr. Michael Shea, John Sullivan, John O'Donnell, John McCarthy, and Edward Vurpillat have entered St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, New York.

Messrs. B. Wellman, J. Bryan, Nic. Keller, Edward Freiburger, Frank Gribba, and Jos. Seimetz are prying into the depths of philosophy at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary at Cedar Point.

Mr. Nicholas Algeier represents St. Joseph's at St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wis.

Mr. Frank Notheis, '06, has taken charge of a school at Cassella, Ohio. We are sure Frank will make an efficient and popular teacher.

Success to Mr. Louis Hoffman, '06, who is teaching at Glandorf, O.

Mr. John J. Hermiller has taken a position in the Scharf Dept. Store, Cloverdale, O.

Mr. Edward T. Hanley is in the employ of the Muncie Electric Co.

Mr. August Bernard, '02, has been promoted to Principal of the St. Henry High School. We have furthermore heard of his marriage to Miss Anna Heckman. Hearty congratulations and a chorus of good wishes from his many friends at St. Joseph's.

Mr. J. H. Lemper, '02, recently paid a short visit to his Alma Mater. He was welcomed by his old friends, and expressed his great surprise at the many improvements of late years. Mr. Lemper holds a good position in the Pennsylvania R. R. Office at Ft. Wayne, Ind. Call again.

On Oct. 23, Hon. James H. Hemenway, Junior Senator of Indiana, spoke at Rensselaer. Notwithstanding his limited time he paid a visit to the College, where he received a hearty reception. The students appreciated his kind words and evinced such enthusiasm that he promised to return for a longer stay as soon as occasion would permit.

The following visitors were also entertained: Rev. P. Ryan, Watervillette, Mich.; Rev. J. K. Nillis, Freeport, Ill.;

Rev. Edward F. Barret, Hammond, Ind.; Rev. F. Seroczynski, North Judson, Ind.; Rev. F. Jansen, Frankfort, Ind.; Rev. J. Seimetz, Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. George Hoerstman, Remington, Ind.; Rev. F. Baumgarten, Treenville, Texas.; Rev. Frank Schalk, Pulaski, Ind.; Rev. M. J. Byrne, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. C. Lambert, Dunnington, Ind.; Rev. George Hindelang, Celina, Ohio.

Mr. B. Doll, Coldwater, Mich.; Mr. T. Barrett, Garrett, Ind.; Mr. H. J. Kemper, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. Mc Kinley, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mrs. K. Scanlan, Bosswell, Ind.; Sister M. Scherrieb, Maria Stein, Ohio; Mr. Henry Lennartz and Mr. E. Kloeters, Celina, Ohio; Mr. B. J. Murphy, Lafayette, Ind.; Mrs. A. Minick and Mrs. M. Kraut, Logansport, Ind.; Miss M. Farrel, Oxford, Ind.; Mr. B. Hipkind, Wabash, Ind.



Societies.

C. L. S. The members of the Columbian Literary Society wish to express their appreciation and sincere thanks to Fr. Arnold Weyman for the valuable assistance rendered to the society as their Moderator. Owing to the stress of work Father Arnold requested to be relieved of his office. It is with deep regret that the Columbians saw the Rev. Father sever his connections with the society. During the last three years he has successfully piloted the Columbians through many storms and hard times to a high standard of perfection. We may truthfully say that during his censorship the society has attained its highest degree of perfection. Under his direction the most difficult and heavy plays, such as "King Saul", "Richard III." and "Thomas a Becket", were rendered with the greatest success. With untiring zeal he labored for the interest of the Columbians, sparing no personal sacrifices for its advancement. Father Arnold takes with him the respect and gratitude of all loyal Columbians.

To Father I. Rapp, who was appointed to succeed Father A. Weyman, the Columbians extend a hearty welcome. With him as Director, every Columbian entertains great hopes for the future, and feels confident that success will crown their efforts.

On Sept. 30, the Society held its first regular meeting, and after the transaction of the ordinary business, proceeded to the Election of Officers. Mr. David Fitzgerald was unanimously elected President. The other officers, however, were chosen only after a spirited ballot. The final result was as follows: Mr. Alexander Linneman, Vice Pres.; Mr.

Joseph Boland, Sec.; Mr. Isidore Collins, Critic; Mr. Leo Faurot, Treas.; Mr. James Riley, Marshal; Messrs. Herman Grube, Anthony Knapke, and August Wittman, Ex. Com.; Mr. Ed. Neumeier, Libr.; Messrs. Alexander Linneman, Anthony Knapke, Leo Faurot, Herman Grube, and Bernard Condon, Advisory Board.

Since the Constitution has been revised and formally adopted by the Society, steps were taken to put it into print. Together with it will be found an interesting history of the C. L. S., from the pen of the late Edward J. Pryor.

The roll-call of the Society has been greatly increased by the admission of new members, the largest number, indeed, ever enrolled in a single session. They are the following: Messrs. Henry Froning, Thos. Quinlan, Henry Berghoff, Conrad Stoll, Otto Muehlenbrink, Michael Green, Wm. Dowling, Chas. Buetle, Daniel McShane, Peter Lill, Frank Hanley, Louis Brucken, John Reppa, Ed. Ruczkowski, Urban Fox, Chas. Leary, John Griesheimer, Dennis Durler, James McIntyre, Henry Post, Theodore Koenn, Peter Koenn, George Pax, Fred. Schaeper, Fred. Lippert, Jos. Donahue, Thos. Menthen, Aloys Besinger.

On October 21, the Columbians made their first public appearance with a select and very meritorious literary program. The following were the different numbers:

1. Overture "Niobe"..... College Band.
2. Inaugural Address "Spirit of Research" Mr. David Fitzgerald.
3. Comical Selection "The Cow and the Bishop", Mr. E. Olberding.
4. Debate: "Resolved that the Simplified Code of Spelling be Adopted"
 Affir.....Mr. John Gallagher.
 Neg.....Mr. Bernard Condon.
5. Vocal Solo "It is Enough".....Prof. Jos. Zollner.
6. Essay "The Novel of our Day".....Mr. Alex. Linneman.
7. "Exordium in the Knappe Murder Case" Mr. August Wittman;
8. "Baltazar's Feast".....Mr. Vincent Williams.
9. Oration "Courage of Columbus".....Mr. Anthony Knapke.
10. Serenade "Star of Hope".....College Band.
11. "Vaudeville".....Henry Dues' Minstrel Co.
12. "Army and Navy".....College Band.

Though sore lack of preparation was manifested in some of the participants, several excellent selections were presented which obtained the undisputed approbation of the entire audience. The oration, essay, and debate which was decided in favor of the Negative, proved to be of special interest; and Mr. Wittman won a decided reputation as a forcible orator by the masterly rendition of his dramatic selection.

A. L. S. The Aloysian Literary Society is also in a very flourishing condition, and was considerably strengthened by the admission of new members. At their meeting held September 23, the following staff of officers was elected: Mr. Leo Brunner, Pres.; Mr. George Hasser, Vice Pres.; Mr. Jos. Vurpillat, Sec.; Mr. Bernard Voors, Treas.; Mr. Harvey Schmal, Marshal; Mr. August Berghoff, Libr., Mr. Frank Luking, Editor; Messrs. Ruhlman, Nageleisen, and Dahlinghaus, Ex. Com.

It is their intention to present a play Thanksgiving day. A four-act drama, "The Recognition" has been chosen, and though a somewhat heavy play, it will, we are sure, be presented very creditably.

St. X. L. V. The work so far accomplished by the members of the German Society gives good indication for a prosperous year. Though hampered a little by the loss of several efficient members, we have no doubt that the energetic spirit of the Rev. Moderator, Fr. Vitus Schuette, will infuse itself into the present officers and members, and prompt them to renewed exertions.

At the first meeting held Sept. 16, the following officers were elected: Mr. Isidore Collins, Pres.; Mr. Evaristus Olberding, Vice Pres.; Mr. George Pax, Sec.; Mr. Herman Grube, Critic; Mr. Paul Termer, Marshal; Mr. John Schulte Libr.; Messrs. Ev. Olberding, Ivo Weis, Fred. Lippert, Ex. Committee.

Two excellent programs have been produced so far.

Marian Sodality. The Sodality held its first meeting on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, Oct. 7, and elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Mr. Clement Boeke, Prefect; Mr. Alexander Linneman, 1st Assist.; Mr. John Gallagher, 2nd Assist. At a private meeting held Oct. 26, Mr. Fidelis May was appointed Secretary, and the following consultors were chosen to pass upon the candidates for membership, who will be solemnly admitted on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception: Messrs. Ed. Neumeier, J. Dahlinghaus, A. Scherrieb, H. Post, A. Gerhardstein, F. Hanly, B. Voors, F. De Curtins, J. Vurpillat, G. Paradis.

St. Stanislaus Altar Society. This little society under the guidance of Fr. Simon Kuhnmuench, is constantly progressing, and now has twenty-two members. They have also formed a 'Juvenile Choir' consisting of twelve members, and intend occasionally to take part in divine services. Their object is surely a laudable one, and each of them feels a noble pride in being accorded the privilege of enhancing the solemnity of divine services by his assistance in the sanctuary.

The officers for the present term are: Richard Williams, Pres.; John Grover, Vice Pres.; Lawrence Blottman, Sec.; William Mecklenborg, Censor; George Paradis, Sergeant-at Arms. The following new members have been admitted: A. Dexter, F. Schick, F. Huser, C. Mergy, C. Purcell, F. Forstoeffel, I. McKinley, L. McKinley, M. Cozacik, P. Herman, G. Hayes, E. Ruhl, H. Bruno, L. Dufrane, L. Harper.

J. G. C. With the beginning of the scholastic year the sprightly minims have reorganized their Glee Club.

The object of the Club is to foster sociability and harmony among the juniors, and to afford its members opportunities to while away their leisure hours. Their Club room is furnished with tables for checkers and other amusing games.

On Sept. 25th the Club held its first election of officers. The following were elected:—Pres. R. Williams; Sec. W. Mecklenborg; Treas. L. Blottman; Mar. V. Avansino.

R. J. S. C. The Rally Smoking Club has grown to be a ponderous reality, consisting of fifty-two members, with full power to elect a President, Secretary, Treasurer and Marshal. Their code of initiation comprises all the modern means for making the initial step very impressive.

Perhaps for mere natural motives they have learned the whole of the calendar, and one professor after another is reminded of his patron feast.

Somehow this club seems to have quite an influence, especially on some of the new ones, whose physiognomy soon assumes quite an air of importance.

The art of holding the cigar gracefully or hanging the pipe most indifferently on the lower lip seem to be some of the more difficult things in the smoking curriculum to acquire.

On Sept. 16th the Club elected the following officers:— Pres. D. P. Fitzgerald; V. Pres. C. Pfeffer; Sec. A. Knapke; Mar. P. Miller.

The Club wishes to express their thanks to the Rev. Fathers for donating some boxes of the fragrant weed.

S. J. C. B. The College Military, commanded by L. Nageleisen, made its first appearance on the 16th of October in a competitive drill, Capt. John Gallagher and Capt. Leo Faurot acting as Lieutenants. The movements were well executed, and resulted in the promotion of ten privates to the offices of 2nd Lieutenant and Sergeant. Four companies have been formed, and under the able leadership of Major Louis Nageleisen a splendid showing will be made.

The staff is at present busily engaged in preparing a battalion drill for Thanksgiving Day, which promises to be one of the best ever witnessed at St. Joseph's. The uniforms have also been changed this year from blue to a dark gray color. This we consider a very good step, and the columns in gray will undoubtedly present an attractive appearance.

Junior Society Play.

On Thanksgiving Day the Aloysian Literary Society will present a four act drama—"The Recognition."

The scene of the play is laid in Italy, in the fifteenth century. The plot, although simple, is very well brought out in the various scenes. The juniors will have full opportunity to display their qualities as actors, and it is hoped that their efforts will prove a thoroughly interesting and enjoyable diversion for visiting friends and relatives.

The following are the participants in the play:

Duke of Spoleto.....	Jos. Nageleisen.
Riccardo.....	Leo Brunner.
Prince of Macirata.....	De Curtins.
Count Bartolo.....	Chas. Rulman.
Antonio.....	Chas. Purcell.
Balthazar.....	J. Dahlinghaus.
Stephano.....	B. Voors.
Leonardo.....	E. Mc Sweeney.
Gratiano.....	}Pages..... }
Lorenzo.....	
Giacomo.....	Jos. Vurpillat.
Fabiano.....	R. Kuntz.
Beginald.....	A. Copanoll.
Paolo.....	R. Black.
Zucchi.....	Fr. Seifert.
Andria.....	Fr. Luking.
Marso.....	H. Schmal.
Orlando.....	O. Birkmeyer.
Silvio.....	M. Pauley.
Officers, soldiers, citizens, guards etc.	

“Spelling Reform.”

A Summary and Suggestion.

A very interesting debate was held on Columbus Day, October 21, on the all-absorbing subject of Spelling Reform. While we do not wish to reverse the decision of the judges, which was in favor of the negative, we wish to call attention to the fact that the whole controversy is merely a question of “How Much Reform.” As usual in the case of controversies, *in medio stat virtus*.

It was rightly stated by the speaker for the affirmative, that there is a real and ever growing sentiment and movement for reform, headed by men of literary, social and political prominence on both sides of the water. Furthermore, that our orthography is odd and perplexing, and in consequence, difficult of acquisition; that it is susceptible of change, because the present spelling is not the original one, but largely the result of the violent changes our language has undergone; that the simplification of spelling would assist the spread of the English language; and lastly, that the opposition to Spelling Reform is largely due to popular prejudice, which is hostile to every change in what has become familiar to them.

On the negative side it was asserted that the present movement contemplates a “revision of the entire English orthography”; and that it is unnecessary to make a change for the sake of a few words, as this will be brought about by the evolution and natural development to which every language is subject. “The variations of a language’s orthography, like the language itself, are an outgrowth of a nation, the effect of its progressive thought and enlightenment. Far different, however, are the changes advocated by

the partisans of the Spelling Reform Movement. 'Their cry is for Reformed Spelling in its most radical stages, scientific spelling, nay, rather manufactured spelling.'

If this is true, then it was rightly contended that the result of such a radical change would be indescribable confusion and a break with the past.

The speaker then dwelt upon the difficulties attendant upon its adoption, and thought the proposed reform would fail because of popular opposition. "The beautiful inconsistencies and irregularities of our language—which are indeed too few in number—have been learned by an effort so laborious and untiring, that the mere suggestion of reversing the process and unlearning them, and the learning of new forms, however simple, causes a genuine chill of despair, not unmingled with feelings of indignation and disgust. The eye has become habituated to the beautiful irregularities of orthography, and reformed or phonetic spelling comes with the same kind of a shock that attends the sight of physical deformity. It appears ugly and grotesque to every cultured eye; as a matter of fact, it serves as a staple of humor for our jokers and punsters whenever they attempt to depict vulgar or dialectic speech. In what, then, does the advisability of adopting Reformed Spelling consist? Surely, it is not to gratify the desires of the common people, much less is it the demand of the great body of the learned. Why then impress the stamp of vulgarity and slang upon our mother tongue."

But, we may ask: Is it as bad as all that? Is such a revolution in orthography really intended? And does not the recent experience of Germany and Austria show that minor changes are practicable and may be introduced in the face of popular antipathy? Will the eye not accustom itself to these modified forms, no matter how painful they are to it in the beginning? This, at least, has been the experience of the writer with regard to German orthography. It is only a few years since important and "violent" changes were made in German orthography, and while he was at first vehemently opposed to it, and hurt when seeing these

mutilated words, as at the sight of "physical deformity," he has now become used to them, though he meets with them only occasionally.



Athletics.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

THE Athletic Association has at last become a reality for the students of St. Joseph's. Such an organization has been in strong demand by all former students of the College, but circumstances thus far were unfavorable for its formation. Finally the desires of the students crystallized into action, and an association was perfected and a constitution adopted. Rev. Theodore Saurer has been appointed Faculty Director, and under his management it is safe to predict much activity and high achievements in the field of sports. Father Saurer will be remembered as the Founder and Charter Director of the Association.

That the Association is determined to make certain of success is apparent from the elections. The following willing and competent officers have been selected: President, D. Fitzgerald; Secretary, John Gallagher; Treasurer, Vincent Williams. These officers are seconded by an enthusiastic "Board of Appropriations", composed of A. Wittman, C. Scholl, L. Faurot, A. Knapke, H. Dues, and J. Donahue.

If the Association continues to conduct its affairs with the good will and energy which has been manifested, and with the numerical prestige of 125, it will greatly tend to promote athletics at St. Joseph's.

BASE-BALL.

The St. Augustine and St. Xavier halls met on Sept. 18, to decide as to who should be considered the "champions"

of the year. After nine innings of strenuous strife the St. Augustine's bore away the banner of triumph, having defeated their rivals by the score of 3—1. Many critical errors were made, but the contest was nevertheless remarkably fast. It was a pitchers' battle between Hasser and Koenn, the former though out-classing his opponent at every stage of the game.

The score by innings:

St. Augustine's.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	—R3	H7	E3
St. Xavier's.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—	1	4 4

Batteries, Hasser and Nageleisen, Koenn and Koenn.
Umpire, P. T. Kremer.

On October 25, the representative base-ball team met for the election of manager and captain for the ensuing year. T. Quinlan was chosen Manager, and D. Fitzgerald, Captain. As five old members of the team returned, we have to hope that a winning team will again be developed.

FOOT-BALL.

The glorious foot-ball season is progressing very rapidly and we have been fortunate in scheduling some interesting games. The team has been entrusted to Coach Parker and Captain Gallagher, who are at present putting the men through a rigid practice. Manager Muehlenbrink has prepared a strong schedule in which all games will be played upon the home grounds. The following team will represent St. Joseph's this season: Pfeffer R.E.; Donahue R.T.; Minnie R.G.; Besinger C.; Hassett L.G.; Muehlenbrink L.T.; Williams L.C.; Gallagher L.; Scholl R.H.; Dowling L.H.B.; Hasser F.; Substitutes: Doll, Rupp, Hanley Lill, Kraebel, Brunner.

The foot-ball spirit is also among our juniors and many interesting games are anticipated. They have selected as their Captain F. Hanley, who has arranged a few games with their rivals of Rensselaer.

On Nov. 1st Hanley's team registered a victory over Seifert's eleven by a score of 17—4. It was a thrilling and magnificent game abounding in brilliant end runs and sensational kicks. Both teams were strong, but Hanley's "bunch" were a little faster in the execution of their plays. The features of the game were Brunner's end run for fifty yards and Rupp's clever punting. Line-up:—

Hanley's Eleven.

Besinger

Donahue

Hanley

Boland

Murphy

Pauley

Grover

Mc Gurren

Wiese

Green

Brunner

T.

L.H.B.

R.H.B.

L.

C.

R.G.

L.G.

L.T.

R.T.

R.C.

L.C.

Seifert's Eleven.

Seifert

Doll

Dowd

Williams

Engbrecht

Vurpillat

Reville

Black

Fralich

Rupp

Vurpillat

Referee, Nageleisen, Umpire, Gallagher. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Touchdowns—Donahue 2, Green 1. Goal from field—Rupp 1.

AN ACROBATIC CLUB has again organized and will, no doubt, afford much entertainment. The Club is under the management of C. Scholl and J. Vurpillat, our energetic acrobats of last year. By the addition of such new members as Froning, Brucken, and Ruczkowski, this organization need not fear of coming up to the expectations of the students. Henry Dues, our far-famed clown, is again with us and has given assurance of some novel "stunts". The acrobats are now preparing an exhibition for Thanksgiving.

Much enthusiasm is being given to Tennis. Some courts have been procured, and they are kept well in use during recreation time. Tennis is, indeed, an ideal game, and an amusement into which all can enter. Some exciting inter-hall games are expected.

It is requested that each student should participate in at least one sport, and try to become somewhat proficient in it. If any one's playing merits recognition, it will without fail receive an honorable mention in this paper. So be up and doing, come out and show us what is in you.



Localisms.

Assistant Editors.

Paul Miller.

Henry Dues.

Geo. Faurot. -- Editor-in-Chief.

Frank Hanly.

Leo Brunner.

Joseph Donahue.

Gentle Reader:—You may well imagine my surprise when I was informed that I was to have charge of the Local department of our Journal.

From what I can learn from other journals, the Locals are a sort of witty or humorous account of current local happenings.

No there is just where the rub comes in: I could not see the funny side of a thing if it had but one side to it. As for wit I must confess I ought to know what it is, after having consulted Webster several times; but definitions were always difficult for me to remember.

However, I have had the good fortune to meet with a company of writers who have cast their lot in the literary world. Having made known to them my troubles, I have received some help at their hands.

I take great pleasure in acquainting you with Paul Miller, the Poet Laurie of Collegeville, better known as Max

Harte, He has agreed to submit some of his rhymes for publication, together with a collection of general observations and weather predictions.

You will be no less pleased to meet Henry Dues, the famous magician and editor of the Clothes Press, and his renowned staff, who will furnish a detailed account of current events and subjects of general interest.

I now hope that they will succeed in their efforts to please you.

Editor-in Chief.

Little John to Fr. Prefect.—“Please Father, wont you write my penmanship Exercise?”

The class in Mechanical Daawing were taking a look through a collection of drawing apparatus when they found a pill box labeled thus:—“Sure cure for drowsiness”. Having decided that each should take one, they opened the box and found it contained some two dozen thumb tacks.

According to the editor of the Clothes Press, the following is the Algebraic sum and substance of the daily board:—“A square meal for breakfast, minus twice as much for dinner as for breakfast and supper, plus or minus a square meal for supper.”

James Hasset spent his vacation in the pursuit of the finny tribe, and has his usual supply of stories on hand.

The other day the boys were seen to part right and left on the campus and to look intently toward the upper end of the cleared space. “What’s the matter?” asked one not so well posted on the condition of affairs. “Why, don’t you see,” explained a little fellow with a knowing look, “Pfeffer is goin’ to kick the foot-ball.”

Some time ago Mr. Honan was giving a quiz on the rudiments of Parliamentary Law. “Is Anthony Knapke here?” he asked, glancing down at the list of Columbians. At this Knapke rose to his feet. “Are you a Junior or a Senior?” asked Mr. Honan looking over his glasses and eyeing the small stature of his pupil. “I am, Sir, a post graduate,” answered the little giant, bracing up and coloring deeply. At this the two saluted amid hearty applause.

SWELL'S DEMISE AT COLLEGEVILLE.

The famous "Swell" once very popular here, is no more. The end came naturally as a result of old age and constant use and misuse.

At the height of his power, every popular man was a "swell" fellow, wore "swell" clothes and behaved "swell". How "swell" everything went then! "Swell" sermons and "swell" orations were an everyday occurrence, and everybody had a "swell" time.

Shortly before its death "swell" was the most popular yet the poorest adjective in the language. "Swell" died without leaving a successor.

An imposter, by the name of "Sharp One" made the "swellest" attempt to claim this position, but "Swell's" will cannot be found.

May everybody give him a long rest. *R.I.P.*

Notice!

Thanksgiving Day will be celebrated on the last Thursday of November this year.

Weather Predictions:—

From now until Christmas the forecast is as follows: A feverish disposition about the sick-room; Local Thunder Showers in the Augustine study-hall; Squalls in the Aquino; Smoky, sultry disposition in the smoking room; Famine in the sections from Peiper Heidzick Ave. to Juniper Ade Valley; Odd Spells in the Freshman Territory; High winds from the direction of the Sophomores; Cold and chilly on the Plains of the Commercial, and perpetual presidential reign (rain) in the land of the Seniors.

Two days before examinations there will appear unusual application, accompanied by the taking of notes of wonderful exactness. The classes following the free day will experience a serious lack of preparation; but constant sobriety

and the occasional exchange of wise looks will tend to alleviate much of the anxiety and distress.

Riddle.

In the front end of a cistern
Lie two letters deep concealed;
And by certain, not by captain,
Are three others well revealed.
'Tis a name you ought to know;
To complete it, add an O.

Prize offered for the correct solution. Apply to the author.



Boys, give your patronage to the firms that
favor us with their advertisements.

